1848
A
Prophecy

A Prophecy.
Given in 1843.

SHAKERS
Ohio
~~NORTH UNION~~
286 Union Village

Copied at North Union O.
By
James L. Prescott.
Dec. 1891

A Copy.-

The following Poem was brought by Father James, from Holy Mother Wisdom, and given to an instrument to copy on Sabbath Morning, between 6 and 7 o'clock, March 5th. 1843. at North Union O.

"Bow down ye Heavens, and thou Earth give ear,
And feeble mortals tremble ye and fear,
For God who made the world, hath long decreed,
To judge this world for every sinful deed.
Black are the crimes that mortal man hath done,
In devious paths his wandering feet have run.
Long hath he cloaked his sins by vain pretense,
Or boldly sinned with black design prepense.
Man, wretched man alone, of all this world,
Hath strayed from God, rebelled and is defiled.
Enraged at truth mankind are shut away,
From learning virtue in this precious day,
And blindly set to do their selfish will,
To follow error and be evil still.
Should any doubt the truth of what I say,

A Prophecy.

Just tell them how the truth they must obey,
And show them plainly what they must forsake
You'll wake the rage that will much trouble make,
Then wonder not that God has long designed,
To pour his judgments down upon mankind,
To vex, afflict, to make them sick of sin,
That through his wrath, his mercy might begin.
But while they're [cleared] and prospered in the earth,
They feel content without the second birth.
Nor will they seek God's mercy to obtain
While all their sense is turn'd to worldly gain.
For flesh seeks flesh, and lust, to lust, is bound,
And carnal pleasures multiply around.
The Parents labor these vile things to share,
And make provision for the growing heir,
That each in lust the carnal law fulfill,
And live in sin to please a fleshly will.
Tempests, earthquakes, and fire, and frost, and flood,
With fell disease, and awful scenes of blood.
Drouth, scorching drouth, upon the land shall fall,
And earth, and seas, be subject to my call.

A Prophecy

The world, upturned by various schemes of gain,
Shall cause destruction, and fill hearts with pain.
In every form shall Judgment spread abroad,
Till mortals own the mighty power of God.
These days are hastening, and the time draws near,
And soon shall nations see these things appear,
Till sickened, scourged, tormented, and disjoined,
Hope flees, men mourn, and anguish fills the mind.
O righteous people, ye whom God hath call'd,
Who have obeyed and are disenthralled.
From bands and ties, that bound you to the earth,
And held your souls within the power of death.
Ye have my words, my precepts I have given,
I've taught you things, ye knew not were in Heaven,
I've bless'd you with rich treasures from above,
And fill'd your souls with pure and holy love.
Ye have been taught, in things of nature too,
And things mysterious, have been brought to view.
The way of God is made exceeding plain,
And all are taught, how precious gifts to gain.
In every place and order, far and near,

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A Prophecy.

In all conditions that ye may appear,-
Ye have received counsel to apply,
On which ye may forevermore rely,
Nought is withheld of any thing ye need,
But every soul is well supplied indeed.
On every hand, rich blessings flow around,
Till on earth a Paradise is found.
The days draw nigh when judgments shall increase,
When tribes and nations shall be stripped of peace,
When gloom and darkness, shall possess the land,
And wicked souls in fear and terror stand.
Then stand ye firm, believe and persevere,
Let no one fill you with unworthy fear.
Rely with boldness, on God's holy word,
And trust with meekness, in your blessed Lord.
Then shall the words, that now are given you,
Feel like supports, as then ye see them true.
Now is the time, for each one to increase,
In power and strength, in wisdom, love & peace,
In light, in knowledge, understanding too,
And learn in justness every thing to view.

A Prophecy.

For when ye feel borne down in anxious care,
Of those who with you, seek the good to share,
Ye then will find, your days of care are past,
And what is gained, is wanted at the last.
When righteousness, shall rest upon the world,
And men and cities are to ruin hurled.
Some shall awake to flee from sin and woe,
And strive in truth, the holy way to know.
These shall be led to Mothers faithful flock,
Who here in time, are building on the Rock.
I say, these troubled souls, shall to you come,
To find salvation, and a peaceful home.
Then the more wicked, will arise to fight,
To keep poor sinners from the gospel light.
To drown the truth, with blasphemy and lies,
And in a host of opposition rise.
But fear not, ye who are of Mothers seed,
I'll give you strength, according to your need.
With wisdom I will fill the faithful soul,
Which shall the power of sin and wrath control.
But, be ye guarded, strong, on every hand,

A Prophecy.

A firm invincible, pure, spotless band,
Leave not my precepts, for any one to please,
For friendship, favor, nor for the sake of ease,
But firmly, stand, unawed by God's pure laws.
And let nought turn you from the righteous cause.
What tho' vile monsters take you far away,
And in foul prisons, do your bodies lay.
Confine your limbs, with torturing thongs and chains,
And make you feel severe and lingering pains.
Your goods confiscate, your bodies dissieze,
Scorch you with heat, with cold your bodies freeze.
With hunger pinch you, and with thirst torment,
Vex, in all ways, that malice can invent.
Will ye then yield, and fear what man can [?] do
Renounce your faith, your life of virtue too;
Cringe, fawn, and flatter, that ye may be spar'd
And yield for this your glorious reward.
If so, ye shall indeed, your virtue loose,
And then at last, be subject to your foes.
Scorn'd and derided by the friends — ye serve,
Who know, through fear, ye from your faith do swe[rve].

A Prophecy.

But scorn of foes, nor their severe contempt
Borne by those yieldings, shall their souls exempt.
From God's just vengance, which shall on them roll,
For basely yielding to vile man's control.
Yea, all who fear the mortal more than God,
Or, fear to walk where Christ and Mother trod.
Or, try to shun the stigma of the cross,
From carnal ties, are bound by nature's loss.
Such souls must suffer, till relief they find,
By strictly doing what God has enjoined.
I warn each soul, who claims a Shakers name,
By holiness, to well sustain that claim.
To be in all things, perfectly upright,
And bring all your works entirely to light.
To act sincerly in all things ye do,
Do no act, but that which is just and true.
Live close to your profession, every where,
And be content, a daily cross to bear.
Walk daily, in good order, ye receive,
And show by works, the gospel ye believe.
These things well kept, let persecution rise,

A Prophecy.

Foes gather round you, enemies speak lies,
Floods, fires, and earthquakes, desolate the world,
And men and beasts, be to destruction hurld.
Or, tempests rage, and sweep the tossing main,
Or men, by men be in fierce battle slain.
Or, pestilence sweeps thousands to the grave,
And frenzied Zealots round your dwelling rave.
Ye shall remain within my hand secure,
My power is constant, and my word is sure.
I will uphold the people I have chose,
Despite the vengeance, of their raging foes.
When all around you, direful things ye see,
Bless your Creator, that ye are made free.
That all your dwellings, are a Goshen made,
And from your home, he hath his judgments staid.
Let incense rise from souls, by Christ made free,
To him who was, and is, and is to be.
Who touches earth, as something very small,
While in his hand, He rolls the dusty ball.
To Power, and Wisdom, give the glory due,
For all the blessings, that are sent unto you.

A Prophecy.

Bless Him who hath the sharp two edged sword,
And Her, by Me, who's called Ann, the Word.
Pour forth your songs of sweet enlivening strains,
In joyful dances, like the blissful plains.
Shout, clap your hands, proclaim the love ye feel,
And worship God, with fervency and zeal.
Bless every soul, who cheerfully obey,
And loves to walk in Wisdom's lovely way.
And I will bless you, guard you here below,
And guide your feet, where ye are call'd to go.

Copied - By J. S. P. 1881.

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